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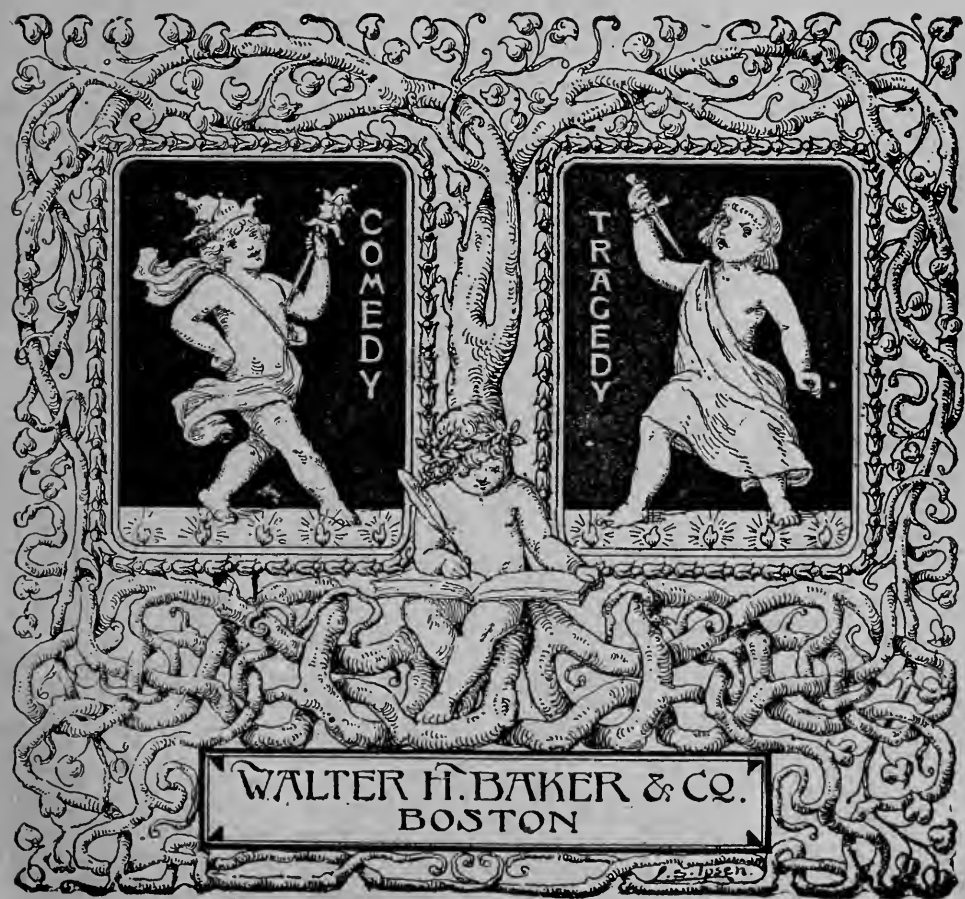
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# An Irish Invasion

A Comedy in One Act

By  
ALICE C. THOMPSON



BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1911

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# An Irish Invasion

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## CHARACTERS

MRS. McMANUS.  
EILEEN, *her daughter*.  
GRANNY O'RYAN.  
MRS. O'DONNEL.  
MAGGIE O'DONNEL.  
BIDDY O'DONNEL.  
MOIRA O'DONNEL.  
CELESTE.

SCENE.—Parlor in Mrs. McManus's house.

## PROPERTIES.

A book, letters, an old leather bag, a bunch of flowers.

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# An Irish Invasion

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SCENE.—MRS. McMANUS's parlor. *A comfortable, rather showy, room furnished with sofa and chairs, R. C., a table and armchair L. C. Pictures on wall; sofa cushions; a book on table; at back a window with window-seat. Entrances C. and down L. and R. The curtain rises to discover MRS. McM. sitting R. C., with a book in her hand. She is a good-looking woman and is well dressed. She yawns and puts down the book.*

*Enter CELESTE, R., carrying several letters.*

CEL. Oh, madame, at last he has come, ze lettaire for which you wait every day so long.

MRS. McM. What letter, Celeste? How do you know I look for any letter?

CEL. Because I have seen madame watch and watch with ze so eager look in ze eye.

MRS. McM. Bring it here.

*(CEL. brings her letters.)*

CEL. Zis is ze lettaire from over ze big sea. And two leetle ones like the common kind.

MRS. McM. Is this all that came?

CEL. Yes; but one for Mees Eileen, which I give her, and I look out ze corner of ze eye and I see her kees it—so.

*(Kisses hand rapturously.)*

MRS. McM. You should have brought all the letters to me first. Now mind you do it next time. Go and tell Miss Eileen I want her at once.

CEL. Yes, madame.

*[Exit, L.]*

*(MRS. McM. breaks seal of letter, tossing the others on sofa.)*

MRS. McM. At last. I feel sure she will consint. *(Reads.)* Yes, yes, I was right.

*(Smiles and continues to read absorbedly.)*

*Enter EILEEN, L., holding a letter. She is a pretty girl of about eighteen, daintily dressed.*

EILEEN (*eagerly*). Oh, mother, I have something to tell you.

MRS. McM. But I have something very important to tell you. Yours can keep. It will be a big surprise to ye. (*EILEEN comes to her.*) Look, here is a letter from Lady Macroom.

EILEEN. A letter from Lady Macroom?

MRS. McM. Listen to this, Eileen. Sit down, dear. It will take some telling. (*EILEEN sits on sofa.*) A month ago I wrote to Lady Macroom in Oireland and asked if she would take you into her home and introduce you to society.

EILEEN. You asked her to receive me, mother? And I have never met her.

MRS. McM. That doesn't matter. 'Tis commonly done in the best families. Oh, of course I heard first that she was willing to take a pretty American girl and introduce her at court, providin' she was well paid for it. It means a tremendous big sum of money, but I am ready to give it. Thank goodness, your father made a big pile in oil. And just think what this will mane to you, Eileen.

EILEEN. Shall I have to go to Ireland?

MRS. McM. Yes, and to London. It's there she has her town house.

EILEEN. But I don't want to leave all my friends here, mother.

MRS. McM. Nonsense! You'll maybe marry a lord.

EILEEN (*rising*). Marry? Is that why you're going to send me away? To marry, no, to be married for my money.

MRS. McM. Sure, any girl would be wild with joy at the idea. Just think of it! Lady Macroom has a castle that stands in the very same little village I was born in—the village of Clogheen. Many a time I've stared up at the windows, but never thought I'd be sendin' me own daughter to visit her. And 'twas there in Clogheen your father was born, too. And he left it as a lad and came to America, and I came with him. Oh, Eileen, it wad be a proud day for me if you wrote me from Kenny Castle.

EILEEN. But mother, my grandmother is living yet, and

humbly in a little cottage. Surely Lady Macroon will be too proud to receive her grandchild.

MRS. McM. Oh, I've settled all that. Three weeks ago I sent for my mother, sent her two hundred dollars to bring her out, and she may come any day now. And Lady Macroon needn't know that your folks come from Clogheen if ye keep mum. She spends most of her time at the English court, I'm thinkin'. Now come, Eileen. We'll go out this minute and I'll order you a dozen of the handsomest gowns a girl could shtep in.

EILEEN. A moment, mother. May I read my letter first?

*(Goes to window-seat and sits, reading letter. MRS. McM. walks up and down the room.)*

MRS. McM. Oh, Eileen, if ye only knew what this manes to me. When your father and I shtarted out first we were very poor, and both of us workin' hard every day; but I always said, and so did he, "Eileen shan't soil her pretty hands. Eileen shall have an eddication and be brought up a lady." It was for you we saved and saved. It was for you your father made all his money, but he left it in my hands when he died. He knew I'd use it right. And I will. It's a big price to pay, but it's not too much for such a chance.

EILEEN *(turning)*. Mother, I cannot go away.

MRS. McM. Why not, child?

EILEEN *(rising and coming down c.)*. Oh, mother, here is a letter from Stephen asking me to be his wife.

MRS. McM. He may keep on askin'.

EILEEN. I'd rather marry him than any lord. I can't go away now. I love him.

MRS. McM. You're not going to disappoint me, Eileen. Sure, no girl would refuse such a chanst. Why, you can meet any one and go anywhere.

EILEEN. Oh, mother, don't send me away. Let me marry Stephen.

MRS. McM. Stephen! He hasn't a dollar to his name hardly.

EILEEN *(eagerly)*. Yes, he has. He's saved up enough to furnish a small house. And he's clever, he will work, and he truly loves me. You remember how when we were children he used to carry my books home from school for me? And do you remember the day I fell in the lake and he pulled me out?

He was only ten then and I was eight. He has never loved any one else. Think how faithful he's been !

MRS. McM. A boy and girl courtship. Now I won't have any more of this, Eileen.

EILEEN. But he'll be here to-day to see me. He writes from New York. He couldn't wait.

MRS. McM. Now we're going out to see about your dresses. I'll get ready at once. Remember, Eileen, you'll start for the ould country in two weeks' time.

EILEEN. Oh, no, no, mother. [Exit Mrs. McM., R.]

(EILEEN looks at her letter again and kisses it. Goes to window and looks out. Voices are heard off C. EILEEN listens.)

CEL. No, we do not buy ze shoe laces or ze pencils or ze butter at ze front door. And ze lady cannot see you. She is ver' busy. No, no, no.

(CEL. appears at C.)

EILEEN. What is it, Celeste ?

CEL. One old woman who sells or begs, I know not (*shrugging shoulders*), at ze front door. And I tell her "go," and she will not go. She say she will see Madame McManus. And she is ver' stubborn old woman.

EILEEN. Let her come in, Celeste.

CEL. But madame say I must nevaire —

EILEEN. Show her in here and I'll see her. I don't like turning old people away.

CEL. Ver' well, m'amselle.

(She goes out C., reappearing at once with GRANNY O'RYAN. She is a little woman, her face is rosy, her eyes bright, her hair a soft gray. She wears a long, round cape, a little bonnet, around her neck a white handkerchief fastened with a big brooch. Carries an old-fashioned, shabby leather satchel and a bunch of faded flowers.)

GRANNY. Norah ! (*Drops her flowers.*)

EILEEN. No, my name is not Norah. I am Eileen.

(*Picks up flowers and gives them to her.*)

GRANNY. Thank ye, me dear. Is this afther bein' the house of Mistress McManus ?



EILEEN. Yes, Mrs. McManus lives here.

GRANNY. Then will ye take me to her?

EILEEN. Celeste, ask mother to come.

CEL. (*tossing her head*). Ver' well, m'amselle. [*Exit, R.*]

(GRANNY gazes at CEL.)

GRANNY. Praise be! She do be wan av thim Oitalyians, I'm thinkin'.

EILEEN. She is French. She did not understand you. Will you tell me who you are?

GRANNY. Shure, darlin'. I'm Bridget O'Ryan from Clogheen, and I do be thinkin' you're Norah's gurl, for ye've got the very eyes av her.

EILEEN. Then you're Granny? (*Runs to her.*)

GRANNY. And you're little Eileen that me Norah writ me about. (*Kisses her.*)

EILEEN. Oh, Granny, so you've come all the way over the ocean to see us? And you'll never leave us any more? You'll stay with us—with mother, I mean—for I—I am going away.

GRANNY. Going away, dearie, and me just afther havin' sight of your face. Oh, no, you mustn't be afther lavin' us. The young folks is like the sunshine to us.

EILEEN. I wish I could stay. But mother wants me to go to Ireland, to live in a castle and perhaps to marry a lord.

GRANNY. Oh, wisha, wisha! Lords is all very foine for them over there, but you'll marry the man you've gave your heart to, dearie.

EILEEN. Granny, I will, if you will help me. I don't want to leave him.

GRANNY. And why for should ye be lavin' him? (*Enter MRS. McM., L.*) Norah! Oh, 'tis Norah hersel', and I'd known her anywhere. (*Goes to her.*)

MRS. McM. Mother, mother! I am glad to see you. (*Kisses her.*) But did you come all alone? I thought you'd have let me know, and I would have gone to New York to meet you.

GRANNY. Alone, is it? No. I came with the McAllisters and the O'Donnells, and grand company they was for me all the way acrost.

MRS. McM. Come and sit down. My, it's good to see you again, mother. Eileen, take these flowers and the bag. This is your grandchild, mother.

GRANNY. Sure, it's Eileen and meself is acquainted already. And I'm that glad she's going to be with us to cheer us up and to take me about in this shtrange city. And it'll be foine for the O'Donnel girls when they meet her, for I make sure they'll be comin'. Maybe you won't be knowin' the O'Donnells, but ye've never forgotten Kitty Clancy.

MRS. McM. Kitty Clancy—the friend of my childhood? No, indeed, I haven't forgotten her, though it's years and years since I saw her. So she married?

GRANNY. Not long after you left, and now she's a widdy woman with three big gurls. And she come out with me and brought them all—Maggie and Biddy and Moira. She'll be findin' you out, Norah, for I told her where I was comin'.

MRS. McM. I doubt Kitty wouldn't feel at home—here. And as for Eileen, she is going away soon; over the water to stay with Lady Macroom. What do you think of that, mother? Here is her letter.

GRANNY. Foine, indade. And what does Eileen say?

MRS. McM. Eileen is young and doesn't know what's best for her. But some day when she's made a grand match and has her own castle to live in, she'll thank me for planning for her.

GRANNY. A grand match, is it? Didn't her father leave her enough money to keep her?

MRS. McM. I'm not thinking of money. I tell ye, Eileen can look high.

GRANNY. Eileen won't look higher than a good heart, I'm thinkin'.

EILEEN. You're right, Granny.

MRS. McM. She won't throw her chances away. She'll remember how hard her father worked for her.

*(EILEEN goes to window-seat and sits looking out.)*

GRANNY (*with a sigh*). Poor Dennis! There wasn't another man ever courted you so determined, Norah.

MRS. McM. And niver a cross word out of him in all his life, mother.

GRANNY. I remember the day he came to me and sez he, "Mrs. O'Ryan, I've asked your Norah to marry me." "Indade," sez I, "and 't isn't every wan will get me Norah for the askin'." And what," sez I, "have you got to offer her?" With that he stood up shtraight and tall and sez he, "Savin'

these clothes, which is none too good"—and sure the poor bye was threadbare—"savin' these," sez he, "and me Sunday shirt, a lovin' heart, a good name and a shtrong arm," sez he, barin' his brown fist. And I sez, "Dennis, ye're worthy me Norah."

MRS. McM. May I never forgit him!

GRANNY. And so I bid ye good-bye and watched ye set sail fer Ameriky. 'Twasn't me as hung back waitin' fer a lord to come and pick ye up. And I'm glad I didn't turn an honest lad down, Norah McManus, or you wouldn't be a-sittin' here in this grand room with your darlin' Eileen beside ye and jest breakin' her hairt bekase she can't marry the man she loves.

MRS. McM. Oh, no, no; she'll get over it.

*Enter CEL.*

CEL. Madame, zere is a woman says she must see you. And three girls with her.

MRS. McM. What do they want? Did they give their name?

CEL. I ask ze name and ze business, but no, zey say zey will, moost see you, madame.

GRANNY. 'Tis loike to be the O'Donnells theirselves.

*(Excited voices heard off c.)*

MRS. O'DONNEL. I'll go in alone. You wait here, children. 'Tis not Kitty O'Donnel's afraid of a grand manner.

*Enter MRS. O'D. She passes CEL., with her head up. CEL. looks scornful.*

GRANNY. Kitty it is.

MRS. O'D. Norah McManus, do you remember me, Kitty Clancy that was?

MRS. McM. Kitty! Sure I do. *(Rises.)*

MRS. O'D. I knew ye wouldn't be too proud to see an old friend. And glad I am to meet you again, Norah.

MRS. McM. And I'm glad to see you, too. *(Goes to her and kisses her.)* Indeed, I am.

MRS. O'D. Mrs. O'Ryan, I told you I'd follow you up. And here I am.

*(EILEEN comes down c.)*

GRANNY. This is Eileen, my little granddaughter.

MRS. O'D. I'm proud to meet you, me dear. Your mother and me played together when we were little children.

MRS. McM. They were happy days. (*Sighs.*)

MRS. O'D. And I have three as foine gurls as iver came out of old Oireland, jest waitin' patient like in the entry.

MRS. McM. Bring them in, Kitty, bring them all in.

(MRS. O'D. *goes up c.*)

MRS. O'D. Come in, darlin's. (*Enter MAGGIE, BIDDY and MOIRA O'DONNELL. They wear rather old-fashioned clothes and small hats. MOIRA is in short dresses, the other two are about seventeen and eighteen. All have rosy cheeks and a bashful manner. As soon as they enter each takes hold of the other's hand, MOIRA in the middle.*) Here they be. Maggie, Biddy and Moira. (*Waves hand to each.*) And proud to make your acquaintance.

(*The girls curtsy.*)

MRS. McM. Oh, they're like you—you're like your mother when she was a girl, my dears. Eileen, come and speak to them.

EILEEN (*going to them*). Welcome to America! (*MOIRA runs to GRANNY and takes her hand.*) Did you have a nice voyage?

MAG. Foine.

BIDDY. Foine.

EILEEN. And how do you like America?

MAG. 'Tis grand.

BIDDY. Grand.

EILEEN. I hope you will be happy here.

MAG. Thank you, miss.

BIDDY. Thank you, miss.

EILEEN. Don't call me miss. Say Eileen.

MAG. I will—Eileen.

BIDDY. Eileen.

MOIRA (*to GRANNY*). This do be a grand house.

MRS. O'D. Oh, Norah, 'tis like a dream to see my children chattin' with yours. Do you remember the times we had? I often think of them.

MRS. McM. Does it look the same—the old place?

MRS. O'D. Not a shtone or a shtick of it changed since we

danced at Ballynoo Fair. To my dyin' day I'll not fergit how we plucked geese and sold the feathers to buy new ribbands for the fair.

MRS. MCM. Out under the old yew tree, and the feathers flew all over and onto the pig till you couldn't hardly tell if she was bird or baste. (*Laughs.*)

GRANNY. I well remember the time I had clearin' up after ye.

MRS. O'D. And how we danced at the fair, you with a blue ribband bound round yer purty yellow hair and me with a pink wan. And do you remember it was me Cousin Jerry sent me to ask would ye ride home with him in his new cart? And you sez to me, "Kitty, I'd rather foot it with Dennis than ride with the King of England." But I didn't tell Jerry that.

MRS. MCM. Oh, I was happy then. What it is to be young and light of heart!

EILEEN. Mother, did you say that? That's just how I feel. Don't send me away. Let me stay here—and be happy too.

MRS. O'D. Sure, you're not going to send her away?

MAG. Oh, no; let her stay here with us.

BIDDY. Yes, with us.

GRANNY. 'Tis better for her to be home.

MRS. MCM. Oh, what can I do? Seems to me you've all come on the wrong day. Here I was planning the best for Eileen—a grand marriage, castles, high position, maybe, who knows, a title. (*EILEEN goes to window.*) And now you want me to give it all up. You've brought back the old days to me. You've made me almost think I was a young girl again, Kitty, and you, mother, and that nothin' mattered but to be with them you loved. Oh, don't say any more, don't say any more.

EILEEN. There's Stephen! He sees me. He's looking up. What shall I do?

GRANNY (*with excitement*). Here, toss him this bokay. He'll know the manin' av that, or lads has changed since I was young.

(*EILEEN throws the flowers out of the window. MAG., BIDDY and MOIRA all run up c.*)

EILEEN. He caught them. Oh, Stephen!

MAG. (*at window*). He kissed 'em.

MOIRA. Kissed 'em.

BIDDY. Right in the middle of the road.

MAG. My, he's a handsome gentleman.

EILEEN. And now he's coming in. Mother, what shall I say to him?

MRS. MCM. Tell him—tell him you are not going away, and anything else you think you should say, Eileen.

EILEEN. Oh, mother, how happy I am! And it's all thanks to you, Granny (*taking her hands*), and you, Mrs. O'Donnel. Yes, both of you with your talk of the old days. (*Goes up c. ; softly.*) He's—there. [*Exit, c.*]

## CURTAIN

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# New Entertainments

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## THE ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE MUGGSVILLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE SCENE

*By O. W. Gleason*

Sixteen males, twenty-four females. Costumes, modern; no scenery, merely a decorated platform. Time, one hour or longer, according to the songs introduced. A lively piece, full of incident and with an unlimited chance for specialties. Recommended as a frame for a miscellaneous entertainment. Calls for both adults and children.

*Price, 15 cents*

### CHARACTERS

JOHNNY HARPER, *aged twelve.*  
JIMMY BROWN, *aged eleven.*  
BILLY BARROWS, *aged thirteen.*  
FREDDIE CLARK, *aged ten.*  
NELLIE MORRIS, *aged seven.*  
ETHEL SMITH, *aged eight.*  
FANNIE ROCK, *aged seven.*  
ETTA MURDOCK, *aged eight.*  
MAMIE BARTON, *aged eighteen.*  
TEDDY JONES, *aged nineteen.*  
SUSIE SNELL, *aged sixteen.*  
FLOSSIE CARTER, *aged seventeen.*  
HALLIE LONG, *aged seventeen.*  
BOB MORSE, *aged twenty.*  
FRANK MANSON, *aged nineteen.*  
CHARLIE PIPER, *aged twenty.*  
PARSON TRUEFITT, *the minister.*  
DEACON TRULL, *the deacon.*  
MRS. TRUEFITT, *the minister's wife.*  
MRS. TRULL, *the deacon's wife.*  
MRS. ELLIS, *a young woman.*

Mrs. HARWOOD, *a young woman.*  
Miss SHARP, *an old maid.*  
Miss WITT, *an old maid.*  
Professor WISE, *professor of geology.*  
Miss PRIM, *aged forty.*  
MRS. GRANT, *aged thirty-five.*  
NANNIE GRANT, *aged five.*  
VICTOR GRANT, *aged seven.*  
Judge STRONG, *a wealthy man.*  
Mrs. STRONG, *his wife.*  
DOROTHY STRONG, *aged eleven.*  
RACHEL STRONG, *aged nine.*  
BRIDGET, *nurse to the Strong children.*  
Mr. BLODGETT, *an old man.*  
Mr. RIPLEY, *an old man.*  
Lawyer BLACK, *aged twenty-eight.*  
Dr. BURNSIDE, *aged thirty.*  
Miss MORTON, *a school-teacher.*  
Miss PITT, *a typical up-to-date young lady.*

## WAGNER AT THE SMALLVILLE WOMAN'S CLUB

ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE SCENE

*By Ida B. Cole*

Ten females. Costumes modern; scenery unnecessary. Plays fifteen minutes. A bright little satire on woman's clubs and recommended for their use. Very easy and very laughable.

*Price, 15 cents*

### CHARACTERS

Mrs. VAN NESS, *the President.*  
Miss SCRIBBLEE, *the Secretary.*  
Miss VON CULTURE, *the Wagnerian Lecturer.*  
Miss MANN, *an Equal Suffragist.*  
Mrs. PURITAS, *a Social Purity Advocate.*

Mrs. NOTEALL, *with a penchant for fashion notes.*  
Mrs. LEE, *formerly of the East.*  
Mrs. OWEN, *very domestic.*  
Miss PRIM, *who understands etiquette.*  
Mrs. ORDERLY, *fond of parliamentary law.*

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# New Plays

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## OUT OF TOWN

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

*By Bell Elliott Palmer*

Three males, five females. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. A clever and interesting comedy, very easy to produce and recommended for amateur performance. Tone high and atmosphere refined. All the parts good and full of varied opportunity. A safe piece for a fastidious audience, as its theme and treatment are alike beyond reproach.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

MR. JOHN SPENCER ELLINGTON, *the unwilling possessor of a Dukedom, disguised as a valet in Act III.*

MR. ROBERT MAYHEW THORNDIKE, *alias "Bobby," a bachelor by choice.*

JAMES, *butler at Thorndike's.*

MRS. JANE HARRINGTON THORNDIKE, *a widow; mother of Bobby.*

*disguised as housekeeper and maid in Acts II and III.*

ELIZABETH THORNDIKE, *her daughter.*

MRS. J. LUDINGTON MONROE, *former classmate of Mrs Thorndike's.*

ESTHER MONROE, *her daughter.*  
MARIE, *Miss Thorndike's maid.*

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—At Mrs. Harrington's. A deep-laid plot. An unexpected Duke. Unlooked-for trouble. The best-laid plans. A disguised household.

ACT II.—The same. A tyrannical guest. An imitation housekeeper and a spurious maid. A titled valet. Social algebra. Lifting the mask.

ACT III.—The same. The camel's back and the last straw. The beginning of the end. Mrs. T. asserts herself. The tyrant dethroned. An international alliance and a bachelor reformed.

## THE MARBLE ARCH

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT

*By Edward Rose and A. J. Garraway*

*From the German*

Two males, two females. Costumes modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays half an hour. A bright and amusing little play, suited for any occasion, but particularly for parlor theatricals, because of its simplicity and its independence of stage accessories. Very refined and high in tone. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*



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# New Plays

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## HER WEEKLY ALLOWANCE

A FARCICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE ACT

*By Jessie A. Kelley*

AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE," "THE PEDLER'S PARADE,"  
"SQUIKE JUDKINS' APPLE BEE," ETC.

Nine males, seven females. Costumes modern; scenery an interior, not important. Plays half an hour. A humorous presentation of the trials and tribulations of a young housekeeper. Very funny and sympathetic; a case of "we've all been there before many a time." Can be played on a platform without scenery.

*Price, 15 cents*

### CHARACTERS

Mrs. JACK TEBBITTS, *who has an allowance.*

CLEANSING FLUID AGENT, *who helps her economize.*

DOROTHY FLETCHER, *who wants a doll (child).*

PIANO AGENT, *who saves a divorce.*

Mrs. FORD, *who wants subscriptions.*

FRUIT PEDLER, *who plays a bunco game.*

SPECTACLE AGENT, *who saves the family's eyesight.*

SUSIE PEASE, *who sells soap (child).*

Mrs. KELLOGG, *who has tickets to sell.*

BOOK AGENT, *who cultivates the family's minds.*

Mrs. BROWN, *who is soliciting for a turkey supper.*

PATENT MEDICINE PEDLER, *who saves Mrs. Tebbitts' life.*

CHAIR PEDLER, *who makes the neighbors envious.*

BLIND PEDLER, *who arouses Mrs. Tebbitts' sympathies.*

ARMENIAN WOMAN PEDLER, *who is a fraud.*

RUG SELLER, *who can sell Mrs. Tebbitts nothing.*

## THE MAN FROM BRANDON

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

*By J. M. Taylor*

Three males, four females. Costumes modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays half an hour. A brisk and amusing piece, full of action and movement, touching on the popular football theme. Strongly recommended to such as desire a lively up-to-date play for young people.

*Price, 15 cents*

## HER DEAF EAR

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

*By Arlo Bates*

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ELIZA WILTON, *Ira's better-half.*

GRACE SEWALL, *wife of Arthur.*

LAURA WILTON, *daughter of Ira.*

LENA, *a German maid.*

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I. — The Drawing Room of the Sewall Residence, New York City.  
"In Times of Peace Prepare for War."

ACT II. — The same. "Off to the Front."

ACT III. — Still the same. "Behold the Conquering Heroes Come."

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